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THE · THREE · SPIR-  
ITS · AND · OTHER ·  
POEMS · BY · WEB-  
STER · P · HUNTING-  
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# THE THREE SPIRITS

AND

## OTHER POEMS

BY

WEBSTER P. HUNTINGTON  
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1891  
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1891

*DEDICATED TO MY FATHER*



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# THE THREE SPIRITS



## THE THREE SPIRITS.

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Unknown to Reason or to Faith,  
Unsolved in prose or rhyme;  
Hope's mockery, the scoff of Death—  
Thou mystery of Time!

Who shall explore the hidden path  
That man hath never trod?  
Who tell the vanity of Earth,  
The majesty of God?

Who can do this but thou, O Soul  
Immortal, loosed from clay?  
Oh, tear the darkness from our eyes  
And bless us with the day!

Soar to the heights the angels know,  
And in thy boundless flight  
Beg of the Powers a single ray  
From the Fountainhead of Light.

Entreat that truth may be revealed,  
That Hope and Faith may rise,  
Till some prophetic spirit ope  
The portal of the skies!

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See! The veil asunder parts!  
Swing wide the gates at last!  
And on the Dreamer's vision dawns  
The Spirit of the Past!

#### THE DREAMER.

Spirit of gladness,  
Spirit of woe,  
Spirit of sadness  
Man cannot know,  
Speak to the doubting heart,  
Counsel the brave!  
Thou of all spirits art  
Able to save!

Scan with your vision the path of the years,  
Strewn with life's sorrows, bedewed with life's tears;  
Marked by the crosses of women and men  
Who never on earth shall raise them again.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST.

Peace, troubled heart: I am an aged man—  
Too old to list to thy complaints or heed  
Thy phantasies. My age sits heavy on me  
And I oft have wished that I might one day be  
A victim of my sickle; but to me  
Death never comes.

Yes, I am very old.

My locks, that in the morn of earthly things  
Did shame the plumage of the raven's wings,  
Are whitened with the touch of Time; my eyes,  
Once bright as lustrous gems, are dim with age;  
I stroke my beard and falter in my step.  
Yet have I seen the strength of empires pass away;  
Have held within this outstretched hand the power  
To bless or to condemn; to fill with hope  
The heart cast down by grief; the arrogance  
Of pride-encumbered men to blast; the thrones  
Of kings to overthrow; the power to deal  
To all humanity its weal or woe.

Of Earth's mysterious gloom, when Chaos reigned  
And brooding Night with piercing eye despaired  
Naught save perpetual darkness in the world,  
I knew the infancy. To me the birth  
Of mortal life within the universe

Was but the playful time of budding youth.  
Thus live I still, caused by that great First Cause—  
The One Omnipotent—who at His will  
Brought sunlight out of darkness and displayed  
His own divinity to all mankind  
By planting deep within the human breast  
That tender instrument, God's masterpiece,  
The Soul.

The chosen people of the world —  
Wore out the dreary years of their first light  
Beneath my gaze. Their father, Abraham,  
In whom the truth divine first had its dawn,  
Whose mighty heart beat in the breast of him  
Who later on gave Law unto his race,  
Sped o'er his earthly course marked and observed.  
The passage of the Hebrew host I viewed,  
When Moses through the waste of desert land  
Led on the people of his God. The walls  
Of high Jerusalem had not been reared,  
When from the summit of the lofty clouds  
The fields of Palestine beneath my feet  
Lay basking in the glory of the sun.

How followed on the footsteps of the Jews  
The inundation of the land with blood,  
Thou knowest; how, when centuries rolled by,  
The love of sacrificial offerings,

So long indulged with bloody rites by priests  
Whose superstitions ruled the peevish age,  
Brought on a time when naught would satisfy  
A nation's craving, save that Innocence,  
Embodyed in a sinless Man of Peace,  
Should be itself the last great sacrifice !  
O thou eternal scribe, who in the Heavens  
Dost keep man's record in the Book of Life,  
Blot from the compromising page the deed  
Of this misguided people and command  
That History shall be forever dumb !  
O Galilee, whose liquid surface felt  
The imprint of the Master's feet, be still :  
Nor whisper to the flowers upon thy banks  
The fate of Him who walked above thy wave !  
And Calvary, whose firm foundation groaned  
Beneath the weight of that uplifted cross,  
Whose soil gave to the sacred blood a grave,  
Seal thou thy lips, as they did seal his tomb !

Dream on, unconscious soul, and to thy breast  
Grapple the fond delusions of thy life !  
Time never dies ; but that which measures time,  
The throb of human hearts, but for a day  
Put forth their feeble efforts, and are lost.  
Nations may fall, and from their crumbled dust  
A hundred more may rise to power again ;

And Man himself, his hopes and fears, must share  
The dissolution of existing things.  
Yet in the Heavenly volume of the saints  
These poor events are but the paragraphs  
That make the chapters in the Book of Life.  
What would'st thou save from out the wreck of Earth?  
Of all the good that in thy heart doth dwell  
What would'st thou have in Heav'n made infinite?  
Ambition? 'Tis a shining vanity  
That lures thee, then enchains thee, then deludes.  
Knowledge? Pause and compare thy boasted lore  
With the great mind that rules the universe.  
Love? Ah, this alone is the holy key  
Wherewith thou may'st unlock th' eternal gates!  
This is God's greatest boon to man—to love!  
Whether it be on earth with human rites  
Or in the consecrated court of Heav'n.  
Hear my voice, my parting benediction:  
Within thy spirit deep let Love abide;  
And to the joys of immortality  
The angels, waiting, shall receive thy soul!

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Into the dark and boundless night  
The phantom spirit fled.  
I heard the rustle of his robes  
Like the night-wind overhead,  
And the gentle cadence of his voice  
Seemed from the buried dead.

Alone in the falling darkness,  
Alone—my soul and I!  
Each dared not meet the other's glance,  
Each dared not live or die,  
While quaking at the very breeze  
That gently passed us by.

How deep the silence of the hour,  
How long the shadows grew!  
How ev'ry prayer that from the heart  
Was breathed to God anew  
Bore up its load of hope and fear  
As Heavenward it flew!

A pause, and to the open door  
Another form was led:  
Approached, and o'er its thoughtful brow  
A frown, in passing, fled,  
While fixing on my face its gaze  
In accents clear it said:

## THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESENT.

I am the spirit of the Present. Hear  
My words, for I shall never reappear  
To give thee counsel. What I now may say,  
Preserve and act upon until that day  
When ev'ry soul shall its transgression own  
And reap the harvest as the seed is sown.

To live is to exist for better things,  
Since Death, the transient visitor, but brings  
The spirit out of darkness into light,  
Adds glory to the day, dispels the night,  
Rebukes all that is evil and makes free  
The blessedness of immortality.  
Yet doth thy share in future bliss depend  
Upon the motives that do shape thy end.  
Fulfilment of thy duty here below  
Must be the test wherein thou art to show  
Thy fitness for the future state. For thee  
The spirit life is but a destiny.  
Choice of a certain place whereto mankind  
Must come at last, is not of human mind.  
The narrow confines thou hast long been taught  
Do separate the dead who cheaply bought  
Salvation from such other sons of Earth  
As in the flesh ne'er tested virtue's worth,

Exist in superstitious thought alone—  
To Reason false, to Justice quite unknown !  
Hence thou art not of Heav'n or Hell at will ;  
The question with thy soul is, Wilt thou fill  
The spirit with the love that doth beget  
Eternal peace, or with a vain regret  
That, where thou dost surround a lesser sphere,  
Thou migh'st have known a ten-fold greater ? Here  
Is the choicee, which to make thy soul compel.  
No bondage holds thee for a seat in Hell,  
For God thy free decision doth await—  
Wilt make thy future compass small or great ?

The Past is buried deep within the tomb  
Around whose walls th' impenetrable gloom  
Hath gathered like an everlasting night.  
No welcome beam, no ray of Heav'nly light  
Illumes the path that leads through endless ways  
Back to C'reation and the world's first days.  
Deeds done and motives framed and thoughts con-  
ceived,  
And all the wiles wherewith thou hast deceived  
Thy dormant conscience, to achieve its fall,  
Breed consequences thou canst not forestall.  
Repentence, in itself, availeth naught,  
Save as it lifts the soul by holy thought  
Up and beyond Earth's base and trifling things

And plumes the spirit with an angel's wings.  
Hard though it be, and bitter like the draught  
That on the Mount of suffering was quaffed :  
And agonizing as the lot of those  
Whom many pious men would fain suppose  
Are tortured with eternal life in Hell—  
Doomed to be damned forever where they dwell—  
Hard though it be, thy mind must meditate  
Upon this meaning phrase: To expiate.  
In the nature of the Heavenly plan  
Provision is not made for sinning man  
To dodge between God's justice and His love;  
The Law, conceived in perfect truth above—  
Itself all that is merciful and just,  
Eternal, omnipotent and august—  
Is the sole criterion of thy deeds,  
Administers to thy actual needs,  
Provides for living purpose and a cause—  
In Heaven and on Earth the Law of laws!  
Since then the law, though merciful, is strict;  
Though granting much doth never once conflict  
With the great mind that made it to the end  
That none might e'er evade it, none might bend  
Its tendency and pose as saints redeemed,  
When posing so they once again blasphemed  
Against all right and truth: since it is true

That mercy in the Law is nothing new—  
A self-existent essential of it  
And not by nature one point above it—  
I bid thee know, obeyed its mercy stands  
Great as creation; but, its just commands  
Once broken, know no mercy, save therein  
Is consequence proportionate to sin.  
No human mind so weak but can detect  
The tendency of evil and reflect  
Upon its end; and, so reflecting, know  
The expiation it must undergo;  
For as to God the attributes belong  
Of all that is infinite, so of wrong  
Committed 'gainst His laws, the consequence  
Is likewise infinite for each offence.

## THE DREAMER.

Then, Spirit, speak! Why hast thou promised  
me

A new abode? Doth immortality,  
Dispensed by God with such a lavish hand,  
Grant naught but woe eternal and expand  
The limit of my agony and pain,  
Till ages countless as the drops of rain  
That fall from Heaven's vault seem but a day

Lost in the flight of time? Is he astray  
From holy truth who in his heart believes  
That in some future state the soul retrieves  
Somewhat of error and mistake indulged  
Ere to his puny mind hath been divulged  
His destiny, the secret of his fate?  
Doth God grant knowledge only when too late?  
Speak, I implore thee, though the speaking cost  
The pain of certainty that I am lost!

## THE SPIRIT.

Thy doubts, born not of thought, but sudden  
fear,  
Before the light of truth must disappear  
As overwhelming darkness fades and dies  
When morning's sun illumines the eastern skies:  
And in the glory of the new-born light  
Thy mind's awakening shall be as bright  
As budding dawn unfolding to full bloom,  
Or ray from Heav'n, dispelling endless gloom!

Have I not said that in the realm from whence  
Thy soul didst emanate, the consequence  
Of evil deeds and God's law disobeyed  
Shall be in honest measure truly weighed  
With thy ill conduct and thy conscious guilt?

Thy faith, upon the firm foundation built  
Of perfect confidence in love divine,  
Should yield conception of God's great design.  
Of life immortal the celestial breath  
Was not breathed in thee that a living death  
Through all eternity should be thy lot—  
Accursed in Hell and upon Earth forgot.  
This bear in mind: Eternal law is just;  
It sanctifies no sin, nor doth it thrust  
A saintliness upon a few elect,  
And in the act all other souls reject;  
It provides no Innocent's sacrifice  
To insure the guilty in Paradise;  
But sternly speaks, in accents clear and strong,  
"Let him fear no evil who knows no wrong."

The distant future thou canst not define;  
The Past is dead—the Present, only, thine.  
Then grasp it while it lingers, ere it fades  
Into that silent depth where grieving shades  
Bend mourning o'er the grave of wasted time.  
I see the mighty spectacle—sublime  
And infinitely sad. The deep-drawn sighs  
Of spirits weeping o'er the spot where lies  
Lost Hope, with Love and fair Ambition near—  
All that we hold in life's sweet hour most dear—  
Are wafted to me on the midnight air.

Nothing but tears and vain regret is there!  
And wilt thou, too, lay in that silent grave  
The qualities that God in kindness gave,  
That thou might'st bear in life a noble part  
And in eternity a happy heart?  
Beware! Existence is no paltry thing:  
It hath an equal power to bless and sting.

Thou hast heard. Let, then, thine attentive ear  
With equal earnestness incline to hear  
The whispered counsels of thy inmost soul:  
Give Conscience in all things complete control:  
Make it the ruler o'er thy mind's domain,  
And like the music of some Heavenly strain  
Whose gentle harmony, low, sweet and clear,  
Pervades the universal atmosphere,  
Until the baser senses feel the spell  
Of influences, they can not repel,  
Its guiding voice shall cause to fall inert  
Thy wrong propensities, and shall assert  
Its wondrous power to keep thee undefiled  
Till thou with God in peace art reconciled.

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So saying, with a silent tread,  
Like one who walks amongst the dead  
    In some secluded burying ground ;  
Or as a thoughtful priest might pace  
The corridors of some holy place,  
    Betrayed not by a single sound ;  
The Spirit fleet in soft retreat  
    Glided into the great Unknown,  
While whispered the breeze in an undertone,  
    “ A vision seen, a vision flown ! ”

Seen, and forever unforgot !  
Flown, yet around the hallowed spot  
    Where stood the Spirit a moment since,  
As a rose its sweetness doth distil,  
There lingered then and always will  
    A consciousness to all-convince  
Th’ uncertain mind, by doubt made blind,  
    That One had been there who had graced  
The courts of Heaven and embraced  
    The joy of all things pure and chaste !

Thus musing on the strange portent  
Of ev’ry wonderful event  
    That passed before me like a dream,  
I caught the sound of voices singing—  
Now softly sweet, now loudly ringing—

That to the list'ning ear did seem  
A Heav'ly strain, a glad refrain,  
Bearing the ecstasy of bliss  
Of those in a fairer world than this  
Who living had done least amiss.

As, gazing into the Promised Land  
A soul on the verge of Heav'n might stand,  
Hearing the music of the spheres,  
I paused, my heart two worlds between,  
And heard a hymn of powers unseen—  
The harmony of untold years.  
And this is the song th' angelic throng  
Sang of the triumphs of sacrifice  
And telling of One who should arise  
To speak the glories of Paradise!

## THE CHANT OF THE ANGELS.

Eternal God! Thou Perfect One alone  
Of all who bow the knee before Thy throne—  
Father of all—  
Thou who didst think, and with the thought evolve  
Th' material universe, and dissolve  
The sweets of life within the soul of man;  
We do recall

The wondrous mercy of Thy mighty plan  
Conceived ere other life than Thine began!

And dost Thou now to favors multiplied  
Like grains of sand upon the wild sea-side  
Year after year,

Add this last token of Thy tender love  
For erring Man, who didst Thy pity move  
When pierc'd him first of deadly sin the fang;

When the first tear,  
The crystal symbol of his grief, o'ersprang  
Its bounds, the sad betrayer of a pang?

Speed the Spirit on Heav'nly mission sent!  
Haste his departure, strengthen his intent!

Cause Earth to know  
That Truth and Love survive and Mercy pleads,  
Though oft the heart, stricken and wounded, bleeds,  
Shuddering that no helper lifts the veil

Of endless woe!

O Father, let Thy messenger prevail,  
Teaching that faith in Thee can never fail!

## THE SPIRIT OF THE FUTURE.

Seeker of truth, who after righteousness  
Doth hunger and thirst as mortality  
Longeth for that which is infinite, Peace!  
Thou who dost meditate on sacred themes,  
Communing with another higher world  
Whose spirit forms, on wondrous errands sent,  
Appear before thee and their counsels give  
Of holiness, of virtue and of love;  
Thou mortal, first in history, for whom  
Time, backward turning from his onward course,  
Lets fall his secrets from his Spirits' lips;  
Who sees the past revealed and hears proclaimed  
The necessities of the present hour,  
As Heav'n gives welcome to the wandering soul  
Greets thee the day of thy enlightenment!

I come, apostle of the living truth,  
Prophet of things that shall be, exponent  
Of things that are and have been. Dost thou hear  
An echo from the distant land, a sound  
Of great rejoicing, as Solomon heard  
Immortal psalms, sung by a thousand tongues,  
Resounding in the temple of the Jews?  
It is the deep, celestial harmony  
Of angels breathing worship to their God.

And thou, too, in the hour that sets thee free,  
When on thy wondering gaze there breaks the dawn  
Of an eternal day, mayst be of them.

Thy voice may join with theirs when Heaven peals  
With the glad praises of the King of kings ;  
And sharing in their song, so mayst thou share  
Their best conceptions and their destiny—  
To know the sweet repose of perfect peace ;  
Not equally with each companion soul,  
But to thy uttermost.

Yet here awhile

In the brief season that men call Life,  
Ere Earth reclaims the graceful form she gave  
And manly beauty yields to loathsome dust ;  
While still the soul clings to its mortal home,  
Looks calmly from thy eyes, and on thy brow  
Reflects the light of its own purity ;  
Here, now in sorrow, now in happiness,  
In joy and grief, through tears and pleasant smiles,  
Shalt thou live on the life allotted thee.

If blind to truth, seek not to see all things :  
The tired brain must needs abjure its thought.  
If Reason satisfy thee not, beware !  
For where the Reason falters there comes Doubt,  
Thrusting his base deceptions in thy path,  
While Faith is left to die upon the way.

Ask not, then, why thou livest, if to think  
Of living be a toil ; gird up thy faith,  
And it shall all suffice, as at the feast,  
Though little be consumed, thou hast thy fill.

Yet, if thou canst conceive the primal cause  
Whence spring the germs of life, the massive bulk  
Of the great material universe  
And all the myriad spirit forms that live,  
Some seen of mortal eyes and millions more  
Beyond the dark, impenetrable veil  
That screens what is to come from that which is ;  
Conceive thyself a part of God Himself,  
The incarnation of His thought divine :  
Living, because He lives, though all-endowed  
With power of shaping thine own destiny.  
Thou canst be what thou wilt ; not in a day,  
But in the end ; for death is but a change,  
In which we hear the sweet and tender words  
Of those who, standing on the farther shore,  
Beckon us on with kind and gentle smile,  
Bidding us be of courage, since we come  
Into their midst with welcome everywhere.  
So shalt thou share their struggles and their hopes—  
A tearful witness when some spirit falls,  
But joyful when he rises ; thus thy life,  
Like theirs, shall be of progress and of love—

Bright as the morning sun, though oft the clouds  
Dim its resplendent beams and cast a gloom  
Over the landscape of thy fondest dreams.

Be thou always resolute ; bear thyself  
Not too exulting, but with dignity  
Born of the spirit's knowledge of its end :  
As one who on his person doth sustain  
The signs of perfect confidence and hope.  
Hold not too lightly in thy mind's esteem  
The trials death will open unto thee ;  
Nor yet affect unreasonable fear  
Of what the future may contain for thee.

Dreamer, thou livest in a time and age  
When wicked phantoms of a cruel fate,  
Long taught thee to be waiting for thy death,  
Are falling, one by one. Beyond recall  
Many are lost and buried in the Past,  
As many more shall be ; they are dead,  
Unwept, unheeded, and almost forgot.  
Let none alarm thee with a well-wrought tale  
Of an eternal punishment in store  
For disbelievers in a certain creed  
Or scorners of a most uncertain faith.  
Severe will be thy expiation, true ;  
And infinite, but not forever laden  
With a crushing, ceaseless pain, greater tenfold

Than sin could merit at the hands of God.  
Surely thou knowest one may suffer much  
And yet not heed. Yesterday I sinned;  
To-day the pangs of vain remorse possess  
My every sense; to-morrow, or as years  
Like fleeting dreams pass by, I have forgot  
That I have sinned at all; nor is the least,  
The smallest weight of consequence removed  
Or blotted from my deepest heart therby;  
For as 'tis true that mortal suffering  
Is often measured by its falling short  
Of that which constitutes true happiness,  
Rather than by that which seems its deepest woe,  
So in the land that lies beyond the grave  
The lines of consequence are visible  
More clearly to the holier spirit's eye  
Than to the sinner who indulged the sin.  
The great Creator has but made his law,  
That justice cannot be revenge, and sin  
Shall its atonement earn, of such a kind  
As ev'ry soul is given strength to bear.

Man cannot ask for more than he is given.  
Endowed with that creative faculty  
Of mind and heart that shows a handiwork  
Wrought by Omnipotence, and conceived  
In the very ecstacy of power

For a destiny higher than decay;  
And with his promised immortality  
Displayed upon his outward, worldly self,  
As if his Maker's genius sought to prove  
The argument of the soul's existence  
To the world—thus made from God's own spirit  
And formed as one whose soul can conquer Death,  
Man is the masterpiece of creation.  
And rarest and most priceless of the gifts  
That in him bear fruition to his soul,  
Are those two gems of immortality :  
Faith, Hope.

As dew upon the tinted rose,  
Or rain on tender vegetation falls,  
So these congenial kindred qualities  
Refresh whate'er in spirit life they touch.  
Then slight not these to make thyself more strong  
In things that will inure less to thy good !  
Earth hath no comforter, nor Heav'n a boon  
Such as was given thee when in thy breast  
Faith had its birth and Hope first sprang to life.  
Thou wouldest not lose thy memory, nor think  
To profit by the loss of health or limb,  
And yet, through heedless scorn and long disuse  
Of gifts bestowed to elevate thee most,  
Wouldst suffer such to languish in decay.

And leave thee helpless in thy vaunted strength.

Faith is the deep, wide harbor of the soul,  
Where the weary mariner, long at sea,  
Feasts his delighted eyes upon the shore,  
And satisfied that all is safe and well,  
Sinks, like the waves receding, to his rest ;  
And Hope, the star of promise in the skies,  
Casts one last beam upon his prostrate form.

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I had but dreamt. Yet as I woke  
Methought I heard a voice that spoke,  
And in the stillness of the night  
Pronounced an admonition—"Write!  
What thou hast heard comes from above,  
For I AM GOD and 'GOD IS LOVE!'"



## THE GAIN OF LIVING.

Think not that in one life's completed span

There is less joy than sorrow; were it so  
Then all that live were underneath the ban

Of that mysterious shadow, which doth throw  
A strange, odd darkness over all below

That doth possess in life's First Cause no share;

For, since existence takes its peaceful flow  
From rising in the Infinite, the heir

Of such divinity must fitly bear

The imprint of his Maker's blessedness.  
Thus ev'ry soul is born not to despair,

But hath its meed of pleasure, more or less;  
And though its earthly flight be high or low,  
It hath more cheer than grief, more joy than woe.



## ART AGAINST NATURE.

When some great painter a grand work essays,

Puts brush to canvass in a lofty theme  
Of clouds or sky or sunlight's piercing rays,  
The world must pause to note each golden gleam  
And sing the artist's everlasting praise.

Each touch of art that makes the picture true,

Each line that shows the present master hand,  
Each fleeting cloud hard striving to subdue  
The glancing shafts of light shot o'er the land :  
Each color blending with the azure blue,—

Each mark of genius—is proclaimed to mean

A thought that life from inspiration draws.  
The critics haste to criticism keen,  
And wonder and exclaim, because  
A *man* hath pictured forth so fair a scene.

But when th' eternal God in outlines pure

Reveals the dome of Heaven overhead,  
To charm the soul, the senses to allure.

Man, only to the artificial bred,  
What he might well adore can scarce endure.

So often the best things in life we see  
    Hardly to remark, almost to ignore;  
The gifts least loved are those God makes most free,  
    And bounteous Nature, yielding up her store,  
Receives the thanks of heartless apathy.



## To G. G. R.

When memory lightens the effort of thinking,  
And prompts one's austerity so to unbend  
That a glass of good wine is worthy the drinking,  
'Tis sweetest to drink to the health of a friend.

So, Ruggles, let never the bowl be forbidden  
That promises closer our friendship to knit:  
'T were rarest of vintage if in it were hidden  
A taste of thy humor or spark of thy wit.

If asked once of thee, Is life worth the living?  
The need for an answer could hardly appear:  
'Tis found in the fact of thy constantly giving  
Some pleasure to others who know thy good cheer.

For knowing, 'tis written, is surely believing,  
And what better knowledge, indeed, can there be  
Than that given those who have long been receiving  
The proofs of the manhood that dominates thee?

Like the stream that thou lovest descending the  
mountain,  
Refreshing the fields in its fall from on high,  
Thy life and its sunshine is drawn from a fountain  
As clear as the light it reflects from the sky.

## THE DESERTED HOMESTEAD.

Lonely, forsaken, desolate it stands,  
Its sombre outline carved against the sky :  
Unbroken solitude envelops all,  
Save for the wild bird's shrill, discordant cry,  
The bay of hunters' hounds on distant hills,  
The music of the winds or noisy flow  
Of waters rushing on in pebbly rills.

"Twere sweet, if not so sad, to feel thy spell,  
Deserted homestead ! The quickening heart  
Thy solemn grandeur wakes to solemn things :  
Impulsive recollections swiftly dart  
Through sympathetic minds, as thy impress  
Is sealed upon the memory of those  
Who contemplate thy passing loneliness.

The rank weed grows in ruthless wantonness  
Where once the feet of children pressed the stones ;  
The hush of Death is on the chamber walls  
That echoed long ago their happy tones.  
The loathsome spider weaves a silken net  
Where once the watchful, prudent housewife  
reigned  
And rose above her sorrow and regret.

The sun that smiled upon thee years ago,  
In those long past, almost forgotten days,  
Is still the same unchanging visitor;  
The same moon's silvery, calm and steadfast rays  
Still light the trellis where the grapevines climb;  
The same breeze stirs the leaves to gentle sighs  
As lulled the meadows in the olden time.

But those who knew the countless peaceful charms  
That Nature set around thee, all are gone!  
The graveyard on the hillside tells the tale  
Of how the Earth has claimed them, one by one;  
And the old homestead, that after all survives,  
Doth seem to speak unto the thoughtful mind  
The simple lesson of their simple lives.



## RUSSIA.

Land of the Autoocrat and slave!  
Land of the royal, sceptered knave,  
If kings have ruled by right divine,  
Then cursed be God, who gave thee thine!  
Then Heav'n is Hell and virtue vice;  
Then hate for love may well suffice;  
Then honesty is so uncouth  
That foul corruption mocks at truth!

Were dread Siberia's bloody soil  
In travail with maternal toil,  
Like some huge monster giving birth  
To monsters, from the depths of earth  
Each long drawn out and labored groan  
Would pierce thee on thy gilded throne,  
O Emperor! From filthy mine  
Where imps erect a grimy shrine  
To worship Satan and the Czar:  
In dungeon cells that peep of star  
Or ray of sun has never blest,  
Thy victims' souls might break their rest  
And fly from every slimy lair  
To catch thee in a grawsome snare!

From silent tombs and depths remote  
The bones of those thy anger smote—  
Who in the flesh thy grace implored—  
To such misshapen forms restored  
As most to fright thee, might arise  
To rend thy heart, to blast thine eyes!

O evil mockery! O shame  
Of all mankind! A Prince's name  
Is greater than a people's life!  
An armed host prepared for strife,  
A throne by slavery upheld  
The forces of an Empire weld;  
And over all is born to rule  
A graceless tyrant, or a fool!

Speed, tardy justice, speed the hour  
When Vengeance may his prey devour;  
Let royal blood in torrents pour,  
If Czars and despots reign no more!

## To A——

## A FRAGMENT.

Thy mind and mine have followed in the course  
Of pure and holy love, that takes its way  
Over all obstacles that interpose  
To block the path of passions less divine.  
In sorrow I have loved thee, and thou me;  
In joy and gladness, too, we were as one,  
When passing clouds obscured the happy sky,  
Or, shifting, did disclose the burning sun.  
As in the firmament the peaceful stars  
Give forth the radiant light of Heaven  
Like looks from angels' eyes; as thro' the wood  
The constant stream winds heedless of its course,  
So hath our love been—infinite in change.  
Like fleeting seasons' rounds, but always blest.  
Through all the strange vicissitudes of life  
I ne'er have loved thee but with all my heart;  
With all my strength and mind, with all my soul;  
So do I love thee still, and ever shall—  
Forever and forever.

## IN THE CEMETERY AT NORWICH.

In ev'ry soul there is a tender strain  
That wakes and echoes, when the hand of Time  
Draws from the heart a mild and sweet refrain  
That rises from some memory sublime.

So have I felt, when drawn by pensive thought  
My footsteps bore me from the hillside down,  
Midst massive rocks that years have never wrought  
A change in, to the graveyard of the town.

That quaint and ancient village of the hills,  
Where my forefathers, wandering, first took heed  
It was a lovely spot, free from the ills  
That they had fled—a place of rest, indeed.

For these were men of such heroic mould  
As feared no outward danger, shunned no toil;  
The liberty of conscience more than gold  
They strove to find on new and untried soil.

What was to them the forest's loneliness,  
If thought were free and persecution past;  
If tyranny ceased longer to oppress,  
And life endured with honor to the last?

To seek the truth where they thought most to find;  
To worship God as they conceived it best,  
And teach the priceless lesson to mankind,  
Was all the simple mission of their quest.

The trackless plain should know the reaper's blade,  
The hard rock yield its wealth of treasured store,  
And boundless woodland's dark, forbidding shade  
Should hide the bosom of the earth no more.

The startled breeze that bore the warrior's cry,  
And bound the ears that heard it with a spell,  
Should serve instead with each delicious sigh  
The tranquil victory of peace to tell.

The spot that marked the wild beast's hidden lair  
Should blossom as a garden decked with flow'rs,  
Where mothers' eyes might note with tender care  
The happy flight of children's playful hours.

With such a purpose these bold pioneers  
Braved all that evil Fortune might ordain:  
Too noble to retreat, too stern for tears,  
They never learned to falter or complain.

How well their work was done the years' swift flight  
Hath proven nnto us who follow them:

How well they labored in the cause of Right,  
And gave to Freedom's crown its brightest gem.

No eulogy can add unto their fame,  
Nor praise their simple merit magnify;  
In death they leave no heritage of shame,  
But rather teach us how to live and die.

Thus here they share at last the common lot  
Of all who earn from earthly cares release;  
Their privilege within this grassy plot  
To know the rest of everlasting peace.

O God inscrutable, if Thou didst speak  
And call them from this city of the dead,  
In mercy send their spirits to the weak,  
Who need by their example to be led.



## TO THE BABY.

Child of the morning, whence comest thou here,  
With a gasp and a struggle, a sob and a tear—  
From the North, from the South, from the East, from  
the West.

Nestled close in her arms on the fond mother's breast?  
Hast thou come from the realm of the Silent Un-  
known?

The journey is long—didst thou come all alone?

Thine eyes are as blue as the waves of the deep,  
Thy brow is as fair as an angel's in sleep:  
Thy skin is as soft as the velvety down  
Of the flowers that bloom 'neath a sunshiny crown.  
Who sent thee? Who marked thee for Earth and its  
woe,

Its joy and its sorrow?—Canst tell?—Dost thou  
know?

Sweet child, there is knowledge that passeth our ken;  
There is wisdom not given the children of men.  
We grope in the darkness like slaves of the night;  
Our fancy is folly—we know not its flight.  
Thou art come, thou art gone; whether distant or  
near,  
We only can know thee how precious, how dear!

## TO MY MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

O gentle portrait of that gentler face,  
So marked by all the sweetest gifts that grace  
The woman's countenance, the mother's heart,  
Do thou such temper to thy son impart  
That well he may his humble efforts raise  
To add new lustre to thy shining praise!  
Blest, had he known the kind maternal care  
Which more than finite wisdom planted, where  
The seed might grow in hearts made but to love—  
At length to blossom in the fields above!  
Sweet were the lessons to be learned from thee,  
Had God in mercy willed it so to be;  
Hadst thou not entered on that other state  
Where mortal eyes may never penetrate.

But happy still the lot of him whose mind  
Can trace thee, in the regions undefined:  
Whose faith may pierce the false, deceptive glare  
Of Earth's poor honors, and behold thee where  
The weary soul casts off its heavy load,  
To cross the threshold of the blest abode.  
Thus often in the calm and peaceful night,  
When grosser cares are wont to fade from sight

And vacant shadows on the wall appear—  
Earth fleeing fast, and Heaven drawing near—  
I on the border of the Future stand,  
And, awe-struck, view thee in the promised land;  
While, as I see thy glory in the sky,  
I know, indeed, the soul can never die.

So would I live thy pure and blameless life  
That, when I view my Past, it may seem rife  
With righteous deeds and holy thoughts, as thine;  
That Love within the Present may be mine;  
That Truth to me the lesson may impart  
To meet the Future with a steadfast heart.



## W. D. W.

A man of such surpassing grace  
That kings might envy his address :  
Whose acts for ev'ry time and place  
A perfect fitness do possess :

A man of pure and ready wit  
Whose shafts are free from poisoned stain,  
But strike where they are aimed to hit  
And leave no rancor and no pain :

A man of such unselfish heart,  
Of mind so lofty and serene,  
Who knoweth manhood more than art  
And hath no unclean thought to screen :

A man of patience strangely rare,  
Forgiving, gentle, kind and just :  
Bold in the right, but swift to spare,  
Quick to uphold, slow to distrust :

A stranger to unseemly pride  
Or affectation's poor deceit :  
In sorrow and affliction tried,  
He drank the bitter and the sweet.

A man of such superior mould  
As all that's base soars far above;  
Who daily doth some charm unfold  
To win a friend's unselfish love.

That is a friend of mine.—His name?  
Ah, that is not for me to tell.  
If thou hast known him, his fair fame  
Will teach thee that thou know'st it well.



## REHOBOAM.

II CHRONICLES, XI. 21-23.

Good Rehoboam was a king  
Who reigned in days of yore:  
His household numbered "eighteen wives,"  
And "concubines threescore."

For 'twas a custom honored then,  
More oft, indeed, than now,  
For kings and courtiers to take  
A frequent marriage vow.

And this kind of extravagance  
Was sometimes overdone,  
So that a man with consorts ten  
Oft wished for only one.

But Rehoboam, we are told,  
"Desired many wives;"  
And that they rue'd it or complained  
No evidence survives.

And thus the king, so Scripture saith,  
"Dealt wisely" many years;  
And when he died he well deserved  
His eighteen widows' tears.

## THE AUTHOR TO HIS CRITICS.

Criticise with impunity,  
Scan with particularity :  
Now is your opportunity  
    To mitigate the rarity—  
So marked in each community—  
    Of truly Christian charity !









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